

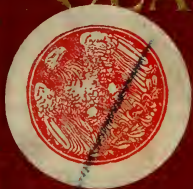
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THE CLASH OF THRONES

HENRY FRANK





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THE CLASH OF THRONES

A SERIES OF
SONNETS
ON THE
EUROPEAN WAR

BY

HENRY FRANK

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF AMERICA SKETCHED IN SONNETS"

"Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atè by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall, in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,
Cry 'Havock,' and let slip the dogs of war."

Anthony's Oration, "Julius Cæsar."



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TO
WOODROW WILSON
THE NATION'S STAFF AND SHIELD
IN ITS HOUR OF DIRE NEED

PREFATORY NOTE

IN utilizing the European Conflict as a theme for a sonnet series, the object of the author was not to write in mere generalizations, but to give the verses a certain historical value by incorporating, as far as possible in poetic phraseology, the passing events themselves. In this way they may depict a sort of poetic panorama of some of the great issues of the conflict.

In no sense has the author embarked upon a historical or detailed presentation. He wrote as the current events of importance inspired him. He was not a little surprised to find, however, after the sonnets which had been written during the first year of the War were collected, that they fell into the natural subdivisions set forth in the table of contents. This was purely accidental as no such "malice prepense" was premeditated.

Possibly this manner of presenting the Story of the War may assist in memorising the chief events. To this end, there has been appended a prosaic feature, containing the chronology of the principle movements.

In the section, "The Warring Nations," the author has attempted a slight intimation of the psychology of the national spirit that stirred the people to action, undertaking, as well, to indicate

Prefatory Note

the motive, whether high or low, and the prophetic possibilities which await the countries involved.

If there be a seeming inconsistency in the author's attitude between the sonnets depicting the earlier and the later events, the explanation lies in the fact that his sympathies and reflections were qualified by the varying trend of the situations as the war proceeded.

New York City, September, 1915.

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SECTION I.
INTRODUCTORY

The Clash of Thrones

THE WORLD WAR

I

O, NATIONS of the World, what Woe is this,
Which Gulfs of Hell, tempestuous, hurl in fires
Of virulent death on women frail and sires
Grey, who in vain swift flee its violent hiss,
That, flaming, sings the Irony of Bliss
And Mockery of Toil, in raucous choirs
Of plangent hail, whose lips, consuming, kiss
The fairest fruits of Peace and Hope's desires.

Is this the Acme of Civilian's pride;
The pæan over Savagery; the end
Of Culture and exalted Thought, should crown
The earth, and mark the march of Social Trend?
For this have Centuries, in hurried stride,
The globe with progress girded, and renown?

II

The Clash of Thrones

II

Hushed, now, the buoyant Voice of Hope, that
 sung
In Ages past of Man's prophetic Dreams
And golden Wish! Woe's mists o'erdim the
 gleams
Of radiant summits, whence th' inspired Tongue
Of prophets, with enraptured vision, flung
The joyous notes of promised Peace, which seems
Millenniums removed, and rudely wrung
From hands that almost touched her nearing
 beams.

Truth's noble brow is smote with sabred blood,
And souls, who served at Wisdom's fanes, are
 crushed
'Neath red War's brutal heel, which stamps dis-
 may
Athwart the world, and conjures Horror's brood
At Sorrow's banquet, whilst blanched Hope,
 though hushed,
Faints not but glimpses Love's approaching Day.

The Clash of Thrones

WOODROW WILSON

I

HE pleads the Standards of Man's age-won
Right,
Whilst, e'en, the flame-singed Wolves of War
engage
In the wild whirlwind of destructive rage.
He pleads Columbia's unselfish Might,
To shield the Neutral World from ancient blight,
Of earth's once primitive and lawless Age,
When War's envenomed fangs could snap and
bite,
With vengeful lust, in Hate's redundant rage.

The primal curse must not o'ertop the times,
And drag Civilians back to untamed ways,
Of brutal savagery and hideous vice.
Shall we, unchallenging nefarious crimes,
Permit their ravaging and direful plays,
All heedless of the cost and sacrifice?

The Clash of Thrones

II

Calm, midst the cataclysmic clash of thrones,
He reigns, imperious, in Reason's realm,
Though the red waves of Hell the world o'er-
whelm.

Nor purblind dullness of pacific Drones,
Nor taunt of Jingoists' contemptuous tones,
Can swerve the Pilot at the Nation's helm,
Who guides the Ship of State through dangerous
zones,

Where Death lurks crouching in the foamy film!

As when a Star, through rift of tattered clouds,
Beams hopefully upon the darkened earth,
And promises a day of blue and balm;
So, now, when Gloom the ruptured world en-
shrouds,

His Mind glows o'er the globe's embattled girth,
An Orb prophetic of approaching calm.

SECTION II.

THE WARRING NATIONS

The Clash of Thrones

SERVIA

THE Assassin's shot that smote the Austrian
throne,
Struck, from the flint of thy ambitious aim,
The Spark, whence sprung the world-engulfing
Flame
That laps mankind within its war-waved zone.
Thy Courage, heartened by the growling tone,
Of watchful Northern Bear when sought for
game,
Revealed Teutonia's secret purpose, prone
On cowing Empires into subjects tame.

Pan-Slavic, pan-Germanic Swords now clash;
A continent is crimsoned in a sea
Of surging blood; and Beasts of Prey o'er-range
The once rich fields, where fiery Serpents flash.
Ay, doubtful looms the Star of Liberty,
And wan is Hope, distraught and passing strange!

The Clash of Thrones

GERMANY

THE Land, where peaceful Arts in splendor
 reigned,
And lofty Dreams inspired the soul of Man,
Is now, through breadth of her imperial span,
By shameless infamy o'erblotched and stained.
Whate'er her martial Prowess shall have gained,
Though her bold Eagles lead the bravest van,
And crush all foes with ardor unrestrained,
Her fate is doomed to Fame's derisive ban.

Vain Kaiser, if but proud Ambition spurred
Thy Spirit to flash thy glory on the sun,
O'erdazzling Bonaparte's resplendent schemes,
Thy vision is by Folly's glamor blurred:
For Mankind, undeceived, will learn to shun
A madman's claims and world-destroying dreams.

The Clash of Thrones

RUSSIA

GRIM Land of Slavic gloom and mystery,
Cimmerian depths where dwell the shadowy gods,
And Genius springs from unsuspected sods,
Whilst Multitudes, with fear and faltering knee,
Lie cowering in direst bigotry,
Some mystic Power thy stirring soul applauds:
Perchance, War's Teeth may snap the Despot's
 rods,
And free thy fledgling wings of liberty.

Then, from the beauteous heights of lofty Truth,
The Sun of Social Justice shall disperse
The Hatreds of thy racial tyrannies.
Transformed, thy Nation shall renew its youth,
Fair Liberty become Ambition's nurse,
And Progress hail the ever brightening skies.

The Clash of Thrones

BELGIUM

A BEAUTEOUS and modest Bird of Peace—
That labored for her Young, and her pure nest
From foul invasion of invidious pest
Protected, mindful but that she increase
Her useful offspring, and that dangers cease
To terrorize their lives, till Nature pressed
Them forward from a mother's nestling breast—
Slept brooding, her head beneath her wings, in
peace.

A shrill and hideous Shriek the soft air smites,
As, waking, o'er her hung a Vampire Bird,
That thrust his bleeding talons toward her
breast!
She trembled at the swarm of murderous kites
That followed, yet, heedless of the threats she
heard,
Fought dauntlessly to save her shattered nest.

The Clash of Thrones

ENGLAND

LET not Tradition's calm, complacent mind
Deceive with idle vanity: thy power,
Since erst thou taught'st the Spanish crown to
 cower,
Is challenged to the death: and, undermined,
Thy mighty Dreadnaughts tremble in the wind,
As o'er thy little Isle Air-Terrors glower,
Thy listless, halting people to remind,
That e'en from Heaven may fall Hell's fiery
 shower.

Not all of glory, Britain, is thy fame:
Thy 'Scutcheon's stains are deep and glare: but
 Man
Forgives, and hails thee Freedom's stalwart
 Friend.
Thy Sword, unsheathed in Liberty's fair name,
Strikes for Democracy's unhindered span,
That Might, henceforth, but Human Right de-
 fend.

The Clash of Thrones

POLAND

LORN Niobe of Nations, gaunt and wan,
How oft has bled thy tortured, war-torn Breast!
Crass Destiny has scorned thy racial crest,
And cast thy Pride beneath the Despot's ban.
E'en Blood of Kosciusko's valorous clan,
Nor countless Sons, heroic death caressed,
Could drive the Tyrant from thy crimsoned
span,
Nor recompense thy Wrongs still unredressed.

Mayhap, the disemboweling Throes of War
Shall snap the Chains, thy weary limbs have
bound,
And seize the Sceptre from usurping Thrones.
Then shalt thou knock again at Freedom's door,
And, entering, a nobler Nation found,
Midst welling anthems and exultant tones.

The Clash of Thrones

ITALY

SPURS Scipio's Spirit the valor of thy hosts,
And leaps proud Sulla's courage in thy veins,
To cleanse thy shield of shame and martial stains,
So long have dimmed the splendor of thy coasts,
Since spurned by Bonaparte's defiant boasts?
Recrowned a Nation, do the wild refrains
Of Vict'ry, echoed in thy banquet toasts,
Awake the slumber of thy storied plains?

Yet, if but Goal of Lucre lure thy quest—
The Lust of land, the Loot of strange domains,—
The Glory of thy Alpine feats shall fade,
Whate'er thy Prowess or thy Sword's behest.
None but the Brave, in Freedom's Cause arrayed,
Immortal, win the world's undimmed acclaims.

TURKEY

THE spectral Sword of Mahomet awoke
Muezzin calls on many a Turkish plain,
With cryptic Promise of a Holy Reign,
Would sway its ancient Power, when Europe,
broke

On War's disrupting wheel, would wield the
stroke

Of suicidal rage. The sturdy strain,
Of Saracen and furious Bashi-bazouk,
Was summonsed far to swell the Prophet's gain.

But fading like a spectre of the night,
The Arm of Mahomet dissolved in air,
And o'er his troops arose the Cross of Christ!
They seek no more the Crescent's glimmering
Light,

But where the wily Teuton leads, they glare,
And battle bravely as in baffling mist.

The Clash of Thrones

FRANCE

THY Story, lithe and brave, mercurial France,
Enchants us like the Lore of Mythic Lays!
Oft have the heroes of thy tragic days,
Baptised in blood of glory and romance,
For Truth and Liberty broke thy bold lance!
Undaunted, thou hast sought the stormiest ways,
To rouse Mankind from Stupor's sullen trance,
All heedless of Convention's curse or praise.

Unboastful of thy valor, when grim Fate
Forestalled thy readiness, and Teuton's Ire
Spread flame and havoc o'er thy richest fields,
The spirit of thy deep, unfathomed Hate
So whelmed the foe with swift avenging fire,
It proved the blow a god in triumph fields.

BULGARIA

BENEATH the shadows of thy Balkan range,
How tragic are the scenes that Time has played,
As Honor, oft by Treachery betrayed,
With bowed head watched the swift and bloody
change

Of Rulers—the Assassin's Blade exchange
Its daring for a Conqueror's crown, and trade
A sceptre for a Faith more bold and strange,
As thy frail throne, or Cross or Crescent swayed.

Mayhap, to thee stern Destiny has given
The fatal chance to throw the loaded dice,
Shall win the Trick that ends the murd'rous
game.

If so, or right or wrong, yon judging Heaven
Shall prove, as Time displays the costly price,
A Mad World paid for trophies of its shame!

The Clash of Thrones

THE UNITED STATES

(NEUTRAL)

'Tis nobler far, with stately Calm, and wise
Reserve of Judgment on contending foes,
To harbor patient Peace, whose Boon bestows
On struggling Man the fruits that Freemen prize,
Than yield to clash of arms and savageries,
Impulsive Passions cause. Thy fair Name glows
With Justice, through the wide, expanding skies,
Where'er thy far-flung Flag its splendor throws.

Then, proud Columbia, cast not thy fate
Into the gory maelstrom, the dazed world
Appals; conserve thy ire and thy hate,
For WRONGS, shall from age-vested thrones be
hurled.

For ne'er, dishonored, shall thy flag be furled,
Nor Peace, thy valorous sons degenerate.

SECTION III.
WAR'S HORRORS

THE RAPE OF BELGIUM

NOT Waters of ten thousand Seas shall cleanse
The stain, O Prussia, on thy smirchèd Name;
The Glory once, of whose untarnished fame,
Shone brilliantly o'er ignorance and dense
Stupidity, where men in darkling fens
Of base gloom groveled; now, by senseless
Shame
Is blighted, and sinks beneath the shrouded glens,
Where lie the Damned who fouled in Life's fair
game.

Though blasted Belgium at thy feet lies low,
And thy blood-seeking Vultures sink their bills
In her proud breast and writhe her festering sore,
She shall, Prometheus-like, the gods o'erglow,
And kindle altars on her shattered hills,
Shall deathless life to her brave soul restore.

LOUVAIN

THE Conqueror's curse fell on thy walls, Louvain,
And trampled ruthlessly the classic flowers
Of Knowledge, that blossomed in thy learned
bowers.

Midst sad débris the student now, in vain,
Shall court the offspring of thy learned brain,
Or seek sweet solace, where Medusa glowers
O'er ashen friezes crushed by iron rain,
That fell like flaming sheets in fiery showers.

Where now the dreams that Science weaves for
Man:

The Magic Powers would woo supernal Peace
From Hesperus, where grew the golden food:—
The cryptic visions, Prophets fondly scan
From favoring skies, bespeaking War's surcease,
And blissful boon of Earthly Brotherhood!

The Clash of Thrones

LUSITANIA

I

FROM where the Deep its booming thunder
 heaves,
And fathomless, mysterious Tragedies
Conceal their horror from the searching skies;
Where Tempests plow and gather whitening
 sheaves
Of billowy crests; or stately Vessel leaves
A glistening trail, replete with memories
To dreamy mariners; each atom grieves
With echo of forgotten infamies.

But none so black, so gruesome or so damned,
As this, the Scientific Pirate wrought,
Defiant of all progress and humane
Advance. Not Hell, for ages choked and
 crammed
With villainies, e'er one so hideous sought,
As this the acme of an Age insane.

The Clash of Thrones

II

The trembling Voice of Hope is hushed; the
Tongue
Of Peace is "jangled out of tune"; the Love,
That once Teutonia and Columbia wove
Round hearts in mutual purpose bound, is wrung
With pain; and now, with poisoned arrows stung,
The ancient Friendship, pierced so deep, may
prove
Too frail, and falter at the insults flung
From waves, whence Death smote men with
Hell's mailed glove!

By this demoniac deed the earth may rock;
All nations on both continents be dashed
In overwhelming ruin, and Fury strain
Its violence! Though Demons leer and mock,
'Twere better Continents in armor clashed,
Than Tyranny availed o'er Freedom's reign.

SINKING OF THE ARABIC

WHAT! Has the invidious Kaiser's reason flown?
Would he, in face of fate, the friendship fair,
Columbia proffered, spurn? Recks he to share
A villain's glory and wear a demon's crown,
Or drool through history the maniac-clown,
Who hurled Hell's bursting bowels through the
air,

And sought the world in plangent flame to drown,
Beneath his gratified and gloating glare,
Where victims of his pirate flags lie strewn?

With patient hope Columbia has borne
His brutal impudence and savage thrust,
Conceiving him amenable to Right.
But Ye, her solemn pleas disdain with scorn,
Beware her Titan blow! If strike she must,—
The Stars enlist to panoply her Might!

WHERE ARE THY SONS, COLUMBIA?

WHERE are thy Sons, Columbia, shall fend
Thy noble Front, so feebly guarded yet,
By forts and cannon on high mountains set,
If, unforewarned, the Vandal seek to rend
Thy vitals, mock thy power, and offend
Thy courteous and trustful mien, which let
The Foe, unseen, his bloody pathway wend,
Ere thou, aroused, his conquering army met?

To nurse sweet Peace in lap of Luxury,
All unsuspecting of the lurking foe,
Is Sampson's folly in Delilah's arms!
Wait not, Fair Land, till War Hounds howl, and
 cry
Wild havoc on thy shores; till falls the Blow,
That crows with Fear and Horror's weird alarms!

MILITARISM

A VAST Colossus of weird enginery,
Whose myriad limbs are charged with tragic
 death,
And whose fell throat exhales the poisoned
 breath,
That wrecks the rose of health and artistry
Of genius, shattering Hope and Liberty
In sulphurous havoc; from whose silent sheath
Forth flourishes the Sword of Destiny,
To madden men with Ministry of Death!—

Such is the Frankenstein ambitious Trade
Hath summonsed forth from hells of Social
 Strife,
To gain by Force what Wisdom would disdain;
A frightful Ogre, whose far-blighting shade
Destroys the rarest buds that bloom in life,
And turns insensate men to brutes insane.

WAR'S HARVEST

A MILLION soldiers lie strewn on battle fields,
And anguished mothers mourn their direful loss,
Who, to grim Mars, a million more may toss,
Ere his stern Front to pallid Sorrow yields.
For, while the glum War-god his power wields,
Still dazed with patriotic cheer, they gloss
Their dismal woe with frenzied joy, which shields
Them, momentarily, from sense of utter Loss.

Yet Ye, who drave them to their Widowed Woe
And Childless Motherhood: who tore their
breasts

With sorest suff'ring a woman can endure;
What comfort for their broken hearts (the glow
Once faded from War's corruscating crests)
Will your vain Pride and all your Boasts secure?

The Clash of Thrones

THE WAR AND THE PROLETARIATE

WHEN from the nightmare of war the Masses
 awake,
And recall the wild horror and pitiless woe of
 Hell's rage;
When Mammon again o'erpowers their lives,
 and the wage,
They receive, is the charnel-house price they dare
 not forsake;
When they think that for this they plunged in the
 fiery lake,
To risk, with furious passion, in battle's mad wage,
Their lives and their homes, that Mammon
 again might make
Them his dupes and his slaves in toilers' impris-
 oning cage;
What then, O Masters and Kings, will the masses
 ordain?
Beware, when the armor thou'st trained these
 mad men to use,
Shall be turned not on brothers-in-toil, thou'st
 trained them to smite,
But on thee; when thy dupes have recovered
 from horror and pain;
When Patriot's passion shall have died in their
 breast, and loose
From false fear, they turn Freedom's day into
 riotous night!

THE WAR GOD

A GARGOYLE-HEADED Monster rears from Hell
His huge, Gargantuan figure, shot with flame
From bowels of immitigable shame,
And fills the world with wild, reverb'rant yell
Of insane demons, bent on havoc fell,
Who leap in legions from his pregnant frame,
To damn the earth with Death's sardonic game,
Of hurling living souls 'gainst cannon's shell!

O Monster, hide thy battle-fevered face,
Take back to hell thy blood-splashed armor, red,
Thy tarnished fame and false demoniac pride!
No fouler curse hath e'er befall'n the race,
Than ruin by thy murd'rous cohorts spread,
Since Reason foundered in thy gory tide.

THE HEATHEN LAUGH

ARE Christian Thought and Power so feeble still,
They suffer Satan's Hordes to master earth,
And gird its sullen, havoc-smitten girth,
With fires of Hell's consuming, torturous grill,
Whilst fratricidal Hatreds, sore realms fill
With dire spawn of Penury and Dearth,
And, men's stark souls, avenging Horrors thrill,
With savage glee and maniacal mirth?

The Heathen chortle with sardonic laugh,
And hang Lord Christ again upon a tree,
To scoff a crucified and conquered King;
Whilst rampant Demons joyous triumphs quaff,
From chalices of vengeful mockery,
And pierce a faltering Faith with jeering sting!

SECTION IV.
THE TREND OF PROGRESS

THE WARRING CIVILIZATIONS

I

WHAT Titan buffets through the veins of men,
And drives them, armored, to the Gates of Hell?
What Prophecies do woeful Deeds foretell,
Whilst Hordes are writhing in War's bloody den?
Who hath the power to wield Prevision's pen,
And penetrate the battle's glamorous spell;
Or grip, within his far discerning ken,
The secret Hand that hurls the shattering shell?

Nor Czar nor Kaiser, Lust of Rule, nor Trade,
Nor e'en the Lure of Conquest, hath inspired
Infuriate Monsters to o'erwhelm the Age:
But Forces, finer far, that Mankind grade
Twixt Savagery and Sanity, have fired
Men's stalwart hearts with War's embittered
rage.

The Clash of Thrones

II

Up from the bowels of forgotten time,
Have welled the Enmities that hidden lay
Twixt Spirits that contend, in unseen fray,
For Mental Sovranty and Power prime,
Which seek ascendancy in every clime,
And shape the Souls that strive, in human clay,
For juster laws and realms of lesser crime,
Than what have mocked the ends for which men
 pray.

The Hosts that battle now are subtle Thoughts,
Rude shattering the templed Deities,
So long have held men's faltering minds in awe;
'Tis Destiny bespeaks, in thunderous shots,
The overturn of false amenities,
And Man's escape from Error's blinding flaw.

The Clash of Thrones

KING ALBERT

AT that dark hour when Earth, in shroud of
shame,
Bewailed the midnight of its insane woe,
One Star, undimmed, illumed the world below,
O'er-writ with splendor of a deathless name,
More glorious than flare of War's red flame,
Or valor seen in battle's bloody show:—
Shall mankind e'er awake to nobler fame,
Than glamor false on fields of martial glow.

Tho' now an exiled King in foreign lands,
A warrior battling for but Human Right,
He towers, like an Agamemnon, o'er
The sullied crowns that scar earth's reddened
sands,
And flaunts an Auriflame of spotless light,
That soars, unconquered, o'er the scourge of
war!

TWO PHASES OF PATRIOTISM

I

BARBARIC PATRIOTISM

WITH flag of my Nation wrapped round my
frame, and sword
Of defiance gripped firm in its sheath; with
heroic proclaim
Of my Country's proud prowess and flaunt of
puissant fame;
With fanfare of trumpets and wild martial airs
that gird
My heart with resolves at Mar's shrine; with
shouts that have stirred
The foundations of Peace and struck the precipitous
flame,
The world hath consumed in War's fiery maw;—
the Word
I incarnate, that awakens a Nation to glory or
shame.

I am flame of the sword and shriek of the gun;
I am brave
With the boast of the Braggart's defy; I swear
by the land
That gave me my birth, and shall aid it to tower
o'er all,

The Clash of Thrones

Till its name shall be feared, and its pardon the
boldest shall crave,
Where'er she unfurls her flag's fairest folds, or
where stand
Her Soldiers arrayed in response to her soul-
stirring call.

II

IDEAL PATRIOTISM

Reborn, I come to bless, not curse the earth
With vain, inglorious boast and selfish schemes;
I come to charm mankind with nobler dreams,
Than e'er the world inspired, since primal
birth
Of Hope, whose spirit buoyed Freedom's girth,
And glorified the globe with golden beams!
For Sympathy, not Hate, at my rebirth,
Shall drain the bed of War's blood-reddened
streams.

Hence, armies shall be mobilized to slay
The foes unseen, that lurk in human veins;
And swift, aerial ships explore the sky,
The mist-shod steps of Death's brigades to stay;
Whilst Justice, on far heights, with searching eye,
For Honor scans the error-laden plains.

The Clash of Thrones

MARS MORITURUS

I

WHEN War, on gorgeously accoutred steed,
Pranced proudly forth from wreckage of the
fields,
With music's throb and flash of furbished shields,
Mankind, o'erghamored, praised the warrior's
meed,
Despite the butchery and gory greed
Of Cannon's lust, or wanton Sword, that wields
Its Mastery of Death, as columns speed
Precipitous, through shelled and shattered fields.

They hailed him Prince of Chivalry, and god
Of noblest virtues, whose aspiring Dreams
Must first be purged by fratricidal fires:
His crimsoned Feet wooed flowers from the sod;
His bleeding Wounds refreshed the spring-fed
streams:
Rare melodies thrummed he from sleeping lyres!

The Clash of Thrones

II

But grizzled, now, and shorn of radiant locks,
His perfumed breath as vile as shamble's fumes;
With blood-blotched helmet and bedabbled
 plumes,
His gory-visaged, gashed Grimace, Man shocks!
The World, awakened from Delusion, mocks
The braggart War that makes a million tombs,
And e'en the balanced globe with terror rocks,
As armies vanish in sepulchral glooms.

No more thy visored Brow or Helmet's Sheen,
O Mars, thy Bugle-Blast or stirring Drum,
With Cannon's Challenge, shall our manhood
 test;
No more shall Nations spurred by Hatred's
 spleen,
Seek in embattled trenches grim and dumb,
The gory Climax of thy Ghoulish Quest!

The Clash of Thrones

A PROPHETIC EPOCH

THIS topmost Reach of Centuries is torn,
(As Etna was by mad Empodocles,
Who spat contemptuous flames, from sunken
seas,
Upon an Age, of pristine virtue shorn),
And hails upon its blood-red heights, the Morn
Of some New Day, whose vague, impelling pleas
Invite to Glories of an Age Unborn,
For which, distraught, men fight on bloody knees.

For, from the Starry Silences a Voice,
In mystic Prophecy from ancient time,
Bespoke the Climax of contending Foes,
When Man, redeemed, with angels would rejoice,
That Peace, with golden gifts in every clime,
Would Earth endow, and end War's bitter
throes!

The Clash of Thrones

AMENDE HONORABLE *

DOES, then, the iron Ear of Mars descend
To hear the protests of an angered world,
And stays he e'en the stealthy shot, would wend
Its path, unseen, through billowy plains, when
hurled

By murderous hands to slaughter innocents?
What's done cannot be undone e'en by Mars;
Nor souls restored that fell on fiery vents,
Which burst from hell and dashed from flaming
stars.

Yet Hope, with slender wreath, may crown the
brow
Of Peace, and poise her white wings toward the
sky,

That faintly limns a dim, prophetic bow,
Presaging Man's ennobling Liberty.
For in high heaven or on the boisterous sea,
No Power shall dare to stay the Fair and Free!

* The Kaiser is reported to be willing to make restitution for the loss of the Arabic and Lusitania. Despatch, August 31st.

THE FAIRER FRUITS OF WAR

Not all of havoc is the aftermath,
Not all of slaughter, rapine and revenge,
Nor pestilence upon its gory fringe,
That Armageddon leaves within its path:
As flowers leap from Spring's torrential bath,
So Tenderness and Sympathy, that hinge
On suffering, and Cheer for those who cringe,
Are finer feelings, wrought from War's wild
wrath.

The Soft and Pampered learn in Hardship's
School

The rugged joys of life; the walls of caste
Are shattered; and the Lowly, as is fit,
Respect Democracy's unfoibled rule;
Whilst They, who lusted in life's wanton waste,
To nobler uses now their lives submit.

EUROPA REJUVENATA

I

A SURGING Deluge swamps the shores of Time,
And swirls upon its crest the rotten base
Of centuries—its crumbling creeds the Race
Benumbed, its false ideals, social slime,
The weak despair of its decadent prime—
All, all, the bloody Maelstrom doth embrace,
And dash, demolished, midst discordant rhyme
Of Man's mad music and supreme disgrace.

Anon the white Moon o'er the pallid fields
Of Peace, exultantly her promise speaks,
Of Glory that shall gild the rash debris
Of wanton War, when Wisdom once more yields
Her power, in minds made sane through Woe,
 that wreaks
The compensation, Strife merits for the Free.

The Clash of Thrones

II

From Baltic Sea to Bosphorus, from shores
Of British Isles to Ural heights, a NEW
REPUBLIC shall its irene folds of blue
Unfurl, and mould the mixed mosaic floors
Of Freedom's Fane from blood of myriad
Scores,
Who glimpsed, midst cannon's roar, the mystic
view
Of Unity 'twixt once embattled shores,
And nations merged in racial friendship true.

'Neath One Majestic Flag shall Europe bow,
A continental union of all flags,
Where every man his sovran rights shall
claim,
And Liberty henceforth, with sacred vow,
Shall dedicate the very stones and crags,
To just Democracy's exalted aim.

THE CONSUMMATION TO BE WISHED

WHEN crushed and writhing in his angry wounds,
The grim War-Beast his lacerated frame
Bemoans, and Sanity returns to shame
Crime's Saturnalia, whose echo sounds
Benumbing o'er the earth, the trampled Grounds
Of Justice shall emerge with fairer fame,
And, freed from frenzy of the bloody game,
Again disport Hope's rose-embowered mounds.

Then shall war-shattered thrones be unreclaimed,
Whilst Mankind hails Democracy's new birth,
And seals the Advent of true Brotherhood;
Then shall millennial freedom be proclaimed,
And Man, unleashed from manacles of Dearth,
Shall spurn War's mad Arbitrament of Blood.

THE WAR SOCIALISTS

YE have your noble Faith betrayed, and sworn
Allegiance to earth's plundering Hordes, who
crush

The homes of vanquished foes, and onward rush
With clattering acclaim of power, torn
From dying breasts of Patriots, proudly sworn
To shield a Nation's Name, but not to brush
Aside its solemn treaties, grimly scorn
Its pledges, or Honor's protests sternly hush.

Democracy demands adherents true,
Her noblest Virtues shall ne'er swerve nor
flinch;

But flaunt her banners to the stormiest breeze;
O'er lacerant rocks her path with vigor hew;
Wrong's sceptred power from thrones malevo-
lent wrench;

And from her Foes his conquering ensigns seize.

The Clash of Thrones

THE PARLIAMENT OF PEACE

WHEN Europe from her bleeding plains shall
rise,
And heal her wounds with Reason's softening
balm;

When Storms of Bitterness subside in calm,
And Honor sets for Man a loftier prize:
Then Justice, meted in the vast Assize
Of all Mankind, shall stay each threat'ning
qualm,
With measures lauded to the echoing skies,
From clime of rugged Pine to flowering Palm.

For Fleets and Parliaments shall then prevail,
To Guard Man's Common Weal with fairest
laws.

When Crowns are crushed and Kings and Kais-
ers cease,
The Pride that feeds the Lust of Power shall
fail,
And coarsest clay shall merge, in Common
Cause,
With rarest blood, to serve the Throne of
Peace.

THE FINAL TREATY

WHAT then, O Rulers of the World, when
hushed
The whelming boom of Hell's disgorging waves,
And Earth, in lavished blood of Patriots, laves;
When, drained of Power, the famished victim
's crushed,
And dragooned hordes in peace are homeward
rushed;
What, then, shall be the Goal that Power craves?
REVENGE, with scornful Hate's hot fervor
flushed?
Or will pale MERCY plead from unwreathed
graves?

Not till all nations cease their armored craze,
Expectant of the Clash themselves create,
And mount their Cannon of Defense above
The Thrones of Peace, will War's devouring
blaze
Be trampled from the earth, and Crowns irate,
On battling plains, their Prowess cease to prove.

SECTION V.
BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF EARLY
EVENTS

CHRONOLOGY OF LEADING EARLY EVENTS

(Selected from Nelson's Encyclopedia)

1914

June 28—Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his wife are shot and killed at Sarajevo, Bosnia.

July 23—Austria-Hungary sends an ultimatum to Serbia, demanding the punishment of the accomplices in the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, the suppression of anti-Austrian societies in Bosnia, and the official disavowal of Serbian connection with anti-Austria propagandism.

July 25—Serbia issues its reply, agreeing to all demands of Austria-Hungary, except the one stipulating that Austro-Hungarian officials should participate in the enquiries. The Russian government announces that it will not permit Austria-Hungary to make war upon Serbia without good reasons.

July 28—Austria declares war on Serbia. Austria and Germany reject the proposal of Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Minister, that an international conference be called in order to avert a general European war.

July 29—The Czar of Russia issues an imperial ukase ordering a mobilization of the Rus-

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sian reserves on the Austrian border. Austria begins hostilities against Servia by bombarding Belgrade.

July 31—Germany demands that Russia suspend the mobilization of its army within twelve hours. Martial law is proclaimed in Germany. Holland, Belgium and Switzerland order general mobilization of their armies in order to protect frontiers and maintain neutrality.

Aug. 1—Germany orders the mobilization of its army and declares war on Russia, following the refusal of the latter to stop mobilizing. France orders the immediate mobilization of its army. Italy announces its intention of remaining neutral, claiming that its obligations under the Triple Alliance apply only to a defensive war, and that the one being waged by Austria against Servia is a war of aggression.

Aug. 2—Germany begins war on France without a formal declaration by sending troops across the neutral Grand Duchy of Luxemburg into France. Germany summons Belgium whose territory was guaranteed under treaty by both Prussia and England to permit the free passage of German troops despatched against France. Belgium refuses permission and declares that she will defend her neutrality. Russian troops invade Germany.

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Aug. 3—King Albert of Belgium appeals to King George of England for protection against the violation of his country's neutrality by Germany.

Aug. 4—Germany declares war on France, England and Belgium. The Germans begin an attack on the fortifications at Liège, Belgium. England declares war on Germany, following the rejection of her demand that Germany respect the neutrality of Belgium.

Aug. 5—President Wilson proclaims the neutrality of the United States.

Aug. 6—Austria declares war on Russia.

Aug. 9—The German forces occupy the city of Liège after an unexpectedly stubborn resistance.

Aug. 10—France proclaims a state of war exists with Austria.

Aug. 15—Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, promises autonomy to Poland as a reward of loyalty in the present crisis.

Aug. 27—The French line has fallen back twenty-five miles within the French border. All the forts of Namur fall. The Germans burn the city of Louvain.

Sept. 12—German army in retreat along the entire front northeast of Paris, ending in the five-

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day battle of the Marne, which the French General Joffre announces to have been ended in "an undeniable victory."

Sept. 20—Germans bombard Rheims, destroying many public buildings and leaving the famous cathedral in ruins.

Oct. 3—The end of the second month of the war finds the Germans on the defensive in France and in Russia and on the offensive in Belgium. German forces occupy more than half of Belgium and a large portion of Northeastern France.

Oct. 9—Antwerp surrenders to the Germans. King Albert and most of his Belgian army escape to Ostend.

Oct. 30—Russia declares that a state of war exists with Turkey.

Nov. 5—Great Britain declares war on Turkey and annexes the Island of Cyprus.

Dec. 28—United States Government in note to British Government remonstrates against the interference to which the foreign trade of the United States has been subjected during the war. United States notifies Germany she does not recognize Belgium as German territory.

Feb. 3, 1915—Great Britain announces that all foodstuffs from the United States destined for Ger-

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many, Austria or Turkey will be regarded as conditional contraband and liable to seizure.

Feb. 5—Germany announces that after Feb. 18 the waters about the British Isles will be made a "war zone," that enemy's ships in that zone will be destroyed, and that all neutral vessels are warned to avoid these waters.

May 7—*Lusitania* sunk.

Aug. 18—*Arabic* sunk.

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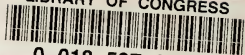
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